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THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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No. 41.

## Maine Farmer.

### THESE THINGS DO!

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For the Maine Farmer!

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The Maine Farmer!

#### ADVERTISE

In the Maine Farmer!

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Maine Farmer Advertisers!

If you like the Farmer, please tell your friends; if not, tell the publishers.

This haying season beats the record for bad weather and late cutting.

The row of raspberries in the garden has been the special attraction the past week. Have you got one?

Why not the canning of peas in this State to go along with our other canning business? No State in the Union is better adapted to the crop.

Cheese has the inside track in the dairy business this summer. Maine should have more cheese factories. Then we need more skillful makers to make the cheese.

"Retaining soil moisture" is the subject of an elaborate leader in one of our last week exchanges. With the water standing among the clover and timothy and the showers still following in frequent succession, the matter does not seem to be especially timely.

From reliable correspondents in Wayne county, Western New York, we learn the apple promise at the present time is only from one-quarter to one-third of a crop. Fall apples with some Greenings are the principal showing. Thus it is sure the prospect is for a meagre crop of apples in all parts of the country east of the Mississippi river.

Another pointer indicating the standing of agricultural education is found in the State of Illinois. The last Legislature of that State made provision for a medical department, a law department and a library school at the State University, but denied an appropriation for an agricultural college building or a veterinary college.

Now that the haying is over give the weeds a measure of needed attention. While the valuable growing crops have been held back by the repeated rains and attendant cloudy weather the weeds have made it their opportunity to put in some of their best work. Now go for them to the death. The weeds will master you unless you master the weeds.

We are glad to note that *Hoard's Dairyman* has got where it can declare that "good butter should not have more than about 12 per cent. of water." We have long objected to this watering of butter as more to be condemned than the watering of milk, for the reason of its higher cost. One of the greatest defects of factory butter has been "too much water."

H. L. Leland, in *Piscataquis Observer*, states that the grain crop in that county promises to be heavy. We are glad to learn the locality is so favored, for the grain crop in the western part of the State is far from promising. On all the heavy lands the reduced area sown was needed very late in the season, on account of the rains, and much of that has since been drowned out. In all this section the crop of grain harvested will be comparatively small in the extreme.

The chair of agriculture vacated by Prof. Georgeson at the Kansas Agricultural College has been tendered to Mr. H. M. Cottrell, for seven years superintendent of the Ellerslie farm of Hon. Levi P. Morton, Rhinecliff, N. Y., and has accepted the position. Mr. Cottrell was graduated from the Kansas college in 1884, and was Assistant Professorship of agriculture at that institution for four years. His experience at Ellerslie should prove valuable to him in his new work.

**DEHORNING CATTLE.**  
If an officer of the society with a long name would accomplish anything in the very laudable work of suppressing cruelty among our domestic animals, he should possess himself of at least a smattering of knowledge of the service entrusted to his care. It is the business of that Biddeford officer who has entered a complaint against the Shakers of Alfred for dehorning cattle to know that the removing of horns from cattle has become a common practice among stockmen.

In many sections of the country a large proportion of the cattle are now dehorned. In this State, also, the practice is meeting with increasing favor, and more or less cattle are now to be found in almost every town that have had their horns removed. In several States the matter has come before the courts on complaint, and in every case the defend-

dant has been discharged. It is now altogether too late to again bring the matter before the courts. If the cranky Biddeford officer does not know these things, it would be to his benefit for some one to tender him the information, and at once put a stop to such an exhibition of foolishness.

#### ENTHUSIASM WANTED.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* well says that what farmers need is more enthusiasm. This is especially true of our eastern farming, and of Maine farming in particular. A man must believe in the work in which he is engaged in order to succeed. Without faith he will lack courage; without courage he will lack energy, and without energy he will surely fail to put that activity and enterprise into his operations without which no business can be a success. There is too much of this farming to just live and nothing more. That kind of work is not farming at all any more than is the work of the day laborer.

If a farmer is to accomplish anything worth while in his business he must get out of the way too often met in Maine farming of seeing how little work he can get along with and live, how little he can employ, how little he can put himself in, mind, might, strength and money to accomplish something worthy of effort. He must aim for better work, better stock, which in turn will surely bring him better results and more money. He will find himself benefited by this broader energy, and will himself be more of a man and get more of life as it is passing. And not only himself will be benefited, but there will be more of results in the world. A creation will be brought out around him. And not to himself alone will this come. His example will give courage to and inspire effort in others around him. Thus will the whole community be led up into a higher life and a more active and useful existence by such example.

The idea that has been so much abroad that some other section is the place in which to work out success in farming, and that we are staying here—a few of us—only because for some reason we are anchored to the manor born; and with it the further idea that the farm is only a place for rearing a family and to be endured only till the fledglings are old enough to get out of it, has had a powerful influence in bringing about results as they exist to-day. Intelligent people should rise above all such crippling influences. Farming is and ever must be the world's greatest industry. New England farm homes, or its farm business, cannot long be thus crowded into obscurity. There are brilliant opportunities here at our very doors. An enthusiasm born of correct views of the situation is wanted to bring them out. We believe in land because of the hidden wealth it carries—not alone of products or of money, but all of life that wealth can bring.

#### STILL ENCOURAGING.

We alluded last week to the brighter outlook that was breaking in on the agricultural horizon of the country at large and the consequent upward tendency in prices of the products of the soil. Another ray of light comes across the continent all the way from the Pacific coast. Last winter several monster flouring mills were erected in that great Northwest coast country for the purpose of grinding wheat and putting up flour for the Oriental trade. Now a large fleet is engaged in carrying flour from Puget Sound ports to China and Japan. Arrangements are being made to another year put on thirty-six ships in plying this new trade. Each steamer can carry forty car loads and make six trips a year. Men have been scattered all through Japan and into China introducing wheat flour into consumption among that people, and it is said they are taking to it readily. Among the five hundred millions of people in the far East there is room for a vast trade when once developed as now indicated.

One of the most far-sighted railroad managers of the country, Mr. James J. Hill, is credited with working up this plan of trade and sending the men out to teach the people to eat the bread. It is claimed these mills can work up all the wheat that can be produced in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Dakota.

This scheme is a grand one and promises relief to Eastern growers to the extent of affording an outlet for the product of all that section, thus preventing its appearance on Eastern markets. The amount of products this country can grow is measured only by the outlet that can be found for them. Every movement therefore that succeeds in developing a wider market contributes to the prosperity of the country at large.

#### MASSACHUSETTS CROPS.

The crop report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture covering the season up to the last of July, is at hand, and shows the condition and promise of the leading crops of that State up to that date.

Corn is very backward and has also suffered from an over supply of rain. The stand is also uneven on account of

first planting rotting, thus necessitating replanting. Warm, dry weather is much needed to mature the crop.

The hay crop is reported one of the largest ever grown in the State. The rains delayed harvesting so that at close of the month in sections there was much remaining uncut. This delay has caused over-ripeness, and fears are expressed that the quality of the crop will suffer from this cause. Then, a great deal of the hay has been caught out after cut and damaged by the rains. Summed up, the crop is a large one, originally of good quality, but over-ripe in many cases and badly damaged by rain.

**Early potatoes.** The report was too early for reliance. On the whole, a fair crop was promised—good in some sections and poor in others.

**Small grains** are all good, above the average.

**Apples** are not a full crop but promise well for an off year, particularly summer and fall varieties. Pears an average crop.

The State has suffered from excessive wet, particularly in western part. Crops have suffered severely in consequence.

#### PROMISING OUTLOOK FOR BREEDERS AND FEEDERS OF BEEF CATTLE.

From every important market center where beef cattle are offered for sale and from every locality where they are raised and fed, comes the universal cry of scarcity and the prevalence of good prices. This condition of affairs has prevailed to a greater or less extent during all this year, and longer, and the outlook for those having a full supply of feeders on hand for shipment to market next fall and winter, could not well be brighter; the improved prospects include not only butchers' cattle, but the good and prosperous times have extended to the thoroughbreds of all the beef breeds. Many breeders of Shorthorns, Herefords, and others of a similar character, who have heretofore been puzzled to know what disposition to make of the surplus supply of bulls that had accumulated on their hands for want of customers, have sold entirely out of everything that had reached a suitable age for service. Those who have watched the trend of affairs cannot have failed to notice the handsome average at which these young animals have changed hands, and the number that single feeders from Texas and other extensive feeding localities have secured for the improvement of their future breeding operations. One buyer from the South lately paid \$500 for a yearling Shorthorn bull besides purchasing many others from the same breeder at an average price of \$100. Two or three months ago a Hereford breeder on West sold his entire crop of young bulls to the owner of a big ranch in Texas, twenty of them at an average price of \$125, and numerous other good sales have been reported from the herds of breeders of beef cattle all over the country.

These circumstances point conclusively not only to a present prosperously healthy condition of the beef interests of the country, but that the investments now being made will result in our future markets, abroad and at home, being supplied with an improved quality of beef which is almost sure to return good paying prices.

Just at this season of the year, as is always the case, large numbers of half-fatted cattle are thrown upon all the principal markets; they sell at low prices and often seriously affect prices of the higher grades, and if it were possible, or practicable, to hold them back until they were ripe and well finished, a more encouraging return for the feeder would be realized, but circumstances of various kinds, very often prevent this being done, and feeders are guided by their necessities. Vast numbers of these "slippery" fed cattle are bought at the yards by those who are of the fortunate class, taken to new feeding grounds and will be put into market again late in the fall, fat, and in the best condition for realizing top prices. There is a very strong Western demand for this class of stock, brought about principally by heavy losses in feeding cattle during the extreme severity of last winter's storms, and other conditions that go toward producing a scarcity.

Those who now have a supply of good feeding cattle on hand, with favorable facilities for keeping them, are disposed to decline very generous offers for them; the tendency is the other way, and for the first time in years farmers, in many localities, who are not actively engaged in dairying are laying in feeders to eat off the fall pastures and consume last year's cheap corn crop of which, in many localities, there is a large supply, and one Indiana firm of cattle growers owning an extensive ranch in New Mexico, recently received an offer by telegraph of \$34 per head for 2,000 head, which they have on their lands; these cattle are past two years old, but inside of a year and a half ago the extreme offer that could be obtained for them was less than \$10 per head. Holding on has paid them well, and it is said, that the present offer is not sufficiently tempting to induce acceptance.—*Indiana Farmer.*

The heavy rains have been at least of one benefit; the trees have been stripped of the caterpillars.

#### WHAT AILS THE APPLE TREES?

Dear Sir: I have a Ben Davis apple tree that has been set 18 years. It has always been a vigorous hardy tree and an abundant bearer. Last spring it leaved out and a blight appeared on the leaves that seemed to consume them and did not recognize any insect but it appeared to be a black blight. I send herewith a package of twigs from the same. Apple crop with me will be very light. Snow and Fall Jannetings are all that are of any consequence. Yours very truly, C. H. WALKER.

Wiscasset, July 29, 1897.

The sample twigs were received showing the effects referred to by our correspondent. We can account for it only on the supposition that it was a species of rust peculiar to the season that set upon the tree, and which may not again appear in a long time. We noted similar work in our own orchards, and in others in the vicinity, only not to the extent named. Portions of the leaves were scorched as if by fire and were broken out and disappeared, and in many cases the new growth forming on the ends of the twigs was killed. The peculiar condition has now disappeared and a partial new leafage has come out. It is decided, by an "off" year for apple trees.

#### TUMOR ON STEER.

Mr. Editor: I have a steer which has a protuberance about half way between the rump and flank; it is about the size of a large orange. It is smooth and the same color as the skin of the steer. It is soft to the touch like flesh, has been increasing in size. It does not seem to be painful or sore. Can you tell me what it is, and what the best treatment will be for it. Please reply in *Maine Farmer*, as soon as convenient, and oblige an old subscriber.

Nobleboro, Aug. 2, 1897.

We are not a veterinarian and know nothing of stock disorders only as we have been brought in contact with them in the care of a herd of cattle. We should say the case named is probably a small abscess. We would recommend putting a knife into it. In any way the lancet can do no harm. If the enlargement should prove to be a tumor a veterinarian would be necessary to remove it.

#### TO PREVENT MILK FEVER.

George Jackson, Marion Co., Indiana, writes the *Breeder's Gazette* that after much experience with milk fever in his herd he has found the following treatment to afford absolute immunity from that fatal malady:

"A pound of Epsom salts, an ounce of ground ginger, a pint of black molasses, all dissolved in about three pints of warm water, given the cow as a drench, beginning ten days or two weeks before expected parturition, and repeated as often as required to produce and prolong a gentle but decided purge, did it for me when all else had failed, and thenceforth no veterinary advice was ever needed or sought for milk fever as there has since been no case of milk fever to treat. The old cure, 'the ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' never applied with greater force than it does to this very subject; it was the bridge that carried me safely over it, I have nothing but praise to say of it."

A similar treatment is recommended by Valancey E. Fuller, the widely known Jersey expert.

#### ON MILK PRODUCTION.

Approved Dairy Methods Subject of Agricultural Board Bulletin.

Averages Showing Condition of Fruit, Grain, Etc.

Number 6 of the Board Bulletin issued by the State Board of Agriculture is ready for distribution. It is introduced as follows:

WE have arranged and present to our readers this month the views of our correspondents on milk production, and believe them to be of much practical value. The question has naturally arisen in the minds of some as to the propriety of pushing this branch of farming any farther at this time, but when we consider the immense and growing crop that is exported from our State and the fairly good prices which obtain for butter, as well as the fact that our dairy herds are not at present on the increase, we believe it is well to call the attention of our milk producers to the best and most approved methods of feeding their cows and handling their product, as well as to the importance and profits of the business.

The bulletin treats at some length of the new pest in the shape of a potato worm, with a descriptive letter from Prof. Harvey, who states that he does not anticipate much damage from it, but suggests that it be carefully watched lest it get a start.

Regarding the lung thread worm in sheep the bulletin gives the following: When on our institute trip through Washington county recently, we obtained from Mr. F. J. Sprague of Charlottetown, specimens of parasites, which he had removed from the lungs and windpipe of a yearling sheep which had died. These were sent to Dr. Charles D. Smith of Portland, who makes the following report:

"The parasites you sent me are known as the lung thread worm, technically named *Strongylus diahria*. It is a true parasite, and is picked up by the animal around the usual feeding and watering places where it has escaped from other animals. Damp surroundings are said to favor the preservation and development of the young forms which are hatched out in the air passages of the sheep. The presence in the air passages

of the parasites seems to cause a bronchitis, the younger animals being most susceptible. CHARLES D. SMITH."

The subject of barn yard manures is given considerable attention with extracts from the government report.

The following crop averages are made by counties:

**Androscoggin County.**  
Condition of fruit, 28 per cent.; grain, 64 per cent.; hay, 44 per cent. Condition of hoed crops, 55 per cent. Proportion of hay harvested, 40 per cent. Potato beetles fully as plenty as usual. New insecticide used, "Bug Death," with very satisfactory results. Slight indications of rust on potatoes in one locality. No Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Aroostook County.**  
Condition of fruit, 55 per cent.; grain, 90 per cent.; hoed crops, 81 per cent. Proportion of hay harvested, 35 per cent. Potato beetles much more numerous than usual. Insecticides used, London purple and Paris green, with good results. But very little indication of rust on potatoes as yet. No Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Cumberland County.**  
Condition of fruit, 32 per cent.; grain, 82 per cent.; hoed crops, 96 per cent. Sixty per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles as troublesome as usual. New insecticides used, "Bug Death," with good results. A considerable rust on potatoes reported. No Bordeaux mixture used.

**Franklin County.**  
Condition of fruit, 48 per cent.; grain, 87 per cent.; hoed crops, 68 per cent. Forty-five per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles about the same as usual. No new insecticides used. No indications of rust on potatoes, and no Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Hancock County.**  
Condition of fruit, 40 per cent.; grain, 82 per cent.; hoed crops, 88 per cent. Thirty-eight per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles not quite as troublesome. No new insecticides being used. Some rust on potatoes, especially on early planted. Bordeaux mixture being used in several instances.

**Kennebec County.**  
Condition of fruit, 50 per cent.; grain, 74 per cent.; hoed crops, 83 per cent. Fifty per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles fully as plenty as usual. Insecticides used, "Bug Death," and Paris green, with very good results. Slight indications of rust on potatoes; some Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Knox County.**  
Condition of fruit, 50 per cent.; grain, 100 per cent.; hoed crops, 75 per cent. Proportion of hay harvested, 32 per cent. Potato beetles about the same as usual. New insecticides used, "Bug Death," with good results. Some rust on potatoes. No reports of Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Lincoln County.**  
Condition of fruit, 50 per cent.; grain, 88 per cent.; hoed crops, 96 per cent. Sixty-two per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles not quite as numerous as usual. No new insecticides used. No indications of rust on potatoes, and no Bordeaux mixture used.

**Oxford County.**  
Condition of fruit, 32 per cent.; grain, 87 per cent.; hoed crops, 88 per cent. Thirty-two per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles much more numerous than usual. New insecticides, one report of Gray Ash being used, with fair results. A few reports of rust on potatoes; very little Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Penobscot County.**  
Condition of fruit, 42 per cent.; grain, 80 per cent.; hoed crops, 80 per cent. Proportion of hay harvested, 54 per cent. Potato beetles about an average. No new insecticides being used. Very little indication of rust on potatoes as yet. But little Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Piscataquis County.**  
Condition of fruit, 67 per cent.; grain, 90 per cent.; hoed crops, 71 per cent. Forty-one per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles much more numerous than usual. New insecticide, "Bug Death," No indications of rust on potatoes. Very little Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Sagadahoc County.**  
Condition of fruit, 50 per cent.; grain, 82 per cent.; hoed crops, 84 per cent. Fifty-five per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles rather more plenty than usual. New insecticide used, "Bug Death," with good results. Some rust on potatoes reported. A little Bordeaux mixture being used.

**Somerset County.**  
Condition of fruit, 40 per cent.; grain, 84 per cent.; hoed crops, 80 per cent. Forty-eight per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles about the same as usual. New insecticide, "Bug Death," Slight indications of rust on early potatoes. No Bordeaux mixture used.

**Waldo County.**  
Condition of fruit, 32 per cent.; grain, 70 per cent.; hoed crops, 75 per cent. Fifty-four per cent. of the hay harvested. Potato beetles much more numerous than usual. No new insecticides being used. Slight indications of rust on early potatoes. No Bordeaux mixture used.

**York County.**  
Condition of fruit, 31 per cent.; grain, 84 per cent.; hoed crops, 80 per cent. Slight indications of rust on potatoes, with a very limited amount of Bordeaux mixture being used.

The balance of the number is given to correspondence regarding dairy work, of much value to those interested in this important industry.

#### Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### THE FARMER AND THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

BY B. WALKER MCKEN.

The Board of Agriculture, instituted for the improvement of agriculture and the advancement of the general interests of husbandry, has, I believe, fulfilled its mission with a fair degree of success ever since its organization. It has dealt with the many and varied interests of the general agriculture of our State with a degree of intelligence, foresight, and keen business judgment which has placed it in the full confidence of those for whom it was formed. While it has constantly sought to keep the most advanced ideas of the day before the farmers, it has fully recognized the necessity of conservatism, and has never sought to place permanently before the people any new practices or new methods until their merits were fully proved. By this course it has appealed successfully to the business judgment of the practical farmer, who looks upon his work with an eye single to his value for production.

As its work has become better known among the people, as they have come to see more of the benefits which may be derived from an interchange of ideas in Institute and Bulletin, as well as from the teachings of those who from experience or training are fitted to instruct, they have the more actively cooperated with it in its work. Not only has this been the case, but while they sought to learn, and to adopt measures which they heard advocated by its speakers, they have made demands upon it which have had to be met, and its course has been shaped very much according to these demands.

I have noted with pleasure the desire everywhere expressed by our farmers, for practical men as speakers at our institutes and State meetings. I have seen the largest audiences of our more intelligent farmers listen with much attention to a man fresh from the work of the farm, although his delivery may have been halting, his language not of the best.

The work of the scientist has not been overlooked. The thinking farmers, those the most in touch with the progressive thought of the day, are fully alive to the necessity of their work; they fully realize that the agricultural field is a broad one, that its problems are far-reaching and hard to solve, that he who is actively engaged in the work of providing for home and family has but little time to make investigations or experiments, that his field for instruction is limited to his own experience and observation among a few whose horizon is no broader than his own, and consequently the work of him who makes investigation his business, who is trained in experimenting and who loves his work for results which bring out new truths, rather than for its purely financial advantages, and who realizes that it means something to prove a thing, becomes the more necessary.

The farmer who has followed the work of the board the most closely since its organization, has come to fully distinguish between the theorist and the scientist. He knows the value of the latter, while he places the work of the former where it truly belongs, and relegates it to the waste basket along with the other worthless accumulations of his busy life. The board has, in recent years, taken the farmers more than ever into active partnership in its work. It has gone to them for assistance, and the results have proved the wisdom of its course. The writings of more than two hundred of Maine's most active, intelligent farmers, those who are winning from the soil of their farms results which hold dear, are placed in nearly five thousand copies each month, thereby producing an exchange of ideas which benefits all, and which, like mercy, are twice blessed, as they help him who gives and him who takes.

This work of the farmers, taken by itself alone, is far-reaching in its effects. It serves to unite a State organization more closely with the people for whose benefit it was created. It makes each receiver of the Bulletin a near neighbor to every other, and tends to broaden the ideas of all.

With the work of the Board has come a more general desire for a broader education for the young, for a training that shall be useful because it fits for useful lives, and enables its possessor to make the most of himself and of his opportunities. It is this education that has brought much of the advantages we now possess, and to which we must all look for further advancement. As we enter upon our work with renewed hopes, may we ever keep clear and fresh in our minds the higher duties of life, and not let the cares and anxieties which come with our every day labor, cloud or warp our senses from the true purposes of life.

I believe the board should be a leader in all that pertains to the welfare of the farm, that it should investigate fully every plan which may be offered for the alleged benefit of the farmer, and endeavor to stand between him and designing men whose interests are not with him, and who hope to thrive upon his

hard earned substance. Not that the farmer is a weakling, or that he is ignorant, but that he is surrounded by cares which preclude him from the possibility of full investigations, as well as from the fact that the most plausible scheme often, yes, generally, proves the most disastrous.

May the board ever stand for practical education, for the dignity of agriculture, for the preservation of the farm home, and the broadening of that true manhood and womanhood which are now to be found, more than anywhere else, in the rural homes of Maine. May our farmers go on in the good work of bettering their surroundings, beautifying their homes, and adding dignity to their calling by placing more of thought, more of intelligent effort, into their work; by giving more fully of that which counts for the most everywhere, honest, intelligent effort. May the farmer and the board be constantly drawn nearer to each other, so that it may stand more than ever for all that helps to enoble and to bless.

Augusta.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### PICTURES OF TWO FARMERS—WHICH ARE YOU?

BY PERCY HERSEY.

As fine feathers do not make fine birds, and as a dandy's clothing does not of necessity make that the wearer is a person of culture, intellect or power, so the possession of a good farm does not always mean that its owner is a good farmer. Much too often it happens that a good farm falls into the hands of a poor farmer, and the result is always the same.

Few crops are planted, and these are not cared for; fences are neglected and cattle go astray; weeds grow in fence corners, bushes spring up beside the highway, caterpillars and borers work destruction in the orchard. The woodpile, though small, occupies ground enough for a mill yard, while farming tools of all descriptions litter the barnyard, the dooryard, and even lean against the house. In a short time the buildings begin to show signs of neglect.

The paint is getting thin and streaks of gray begin to be seen. A few shingles have parted company with the roof. One window is destitute of a blind, while another tries to keep up appearances with half of one. In the attic, a shirt fills the place once occupied by a square of glass.

In the barn, too, three or four lone-looking cows stand in a tieup which should hold at least a dozen. The big bays are only partially filled. The floor hasn't been swept, or even raked, for weeks. Part of last year's dressing remains in the cellar because the farmer thinks it doesn't pay to raise corn, or potatoes, or something else.

It is not necessary to see the man. We know by intuition that he is stoop-shouldered, that he wears a slouch hat with the rim in front turned down over his eyes, that he walks with his hands in his pockets, and that when he stands he leans against anything that will hold his weight. But he never stands when he can be seated.

The farmhouse is situated in a lovely valley, covered with green fields, from which the fragrance of clover blossoms is wafted to the door. Buttercups and daisies fill the meadow, and the lake, along whose wooded shores the cattle browse, and in whose waters they stand knee deep at noontime, lies calm and still beneath the mists of morning, or, stirred by the breeze, glistens in the sunshine. But we can't drink in the full beauty of the scene, for we are looking through a row of maple trees where stands one dead. It has been dead for several years and the ground beneath it is covered with fallen limbs.

It is the one blot upon a fair landscape, if we can forget the dilapidated buildings in our rear. But we can't. And so we go away, having received no inspiration from all this beauty because of man's shiftlessness.

But there is another class of farmers than the one we have described. In these days of push and hurry, the man who is paddling the same old canoe in which his grandfather worked his way against the current, finds himself slowly but surely going down, while the men in up-to-date crafts are rowing steadily away from him, to comfort, if not to great wealth.

The progressive farmer must be a subscriber to one or two lively, practical farm papers. He must go about, when he can afford the time, among other farmers. When he gets a new idea, he should lose no time in making practical use of it. Although his farm is well tilled, his orchard carefully attended to, his live stock well cared for, and his buildings are in good repair, yet he is not a drudge, or a slave to work. He finds time for healthful recreation.

When we come in sight of his farm, we see broad green fields, free from noxious weeds. Not a stalk of yellow weed or wild carrot appears, but it is pulled up and destroyed. Golden rod and raspberry bushes do not thrive beside the fences. The rocks have been dug out and blasted, and a stone wall, with no

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

**HOOD'S PILLS** cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Etc. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

**Died.**  
In this city, Aug. 2, Mrs. Rosilla Lawton, aged 76 years.  
In China, July 21, Edward E. only son of L. C. and Alvira M. Wiggins, aged 22 years.  
In Dexter, July 31, Geo. W. Coff, aged 70 years, 9 months. One of the leading men of the place.







## Woman's Department.

## WHEN MOTHER GETS TEA.

When on a Sunday afternoon  
The children are away,  
And I am alone at home,  
I'll look at the clock and say:  
"We'll let the servants all go out;  
When only you and me  
Are left—just as I used to do,  
I'll get your Sunday tea."  
And so we watch them as they go,  
The maids in ribbons gay,  
Butter and cook and all the rest  
Depart in brave array.  
And when the last has disappeared  
I rub my hands in glee—  
And say: "Now, Mary! for old times!"  
And "Mother" gets the tea!

Stand back, each Jane and Bridget,  
And hide your blushing face!  
You could only look like this  
You'll never "lose a place!"  
Such oysters, and such omelets,  
Chicken and toast—ah me!  
How happy 'twas when, long ago,  
She always got the tea!

Those good old days, when we were poor,  
And boys and girls were small;  
Since then the Lord has prospered us,  
While they've grown strong and tall,  
And think they ought to have "more style"—  
Perhaps such things must be—  
But still, I'm longing for the days  
When "Mother" got the tea.

## FASHIONS AND FABRICS.

## For Summer Costumes.

Beautifully varied are the fabrics for midsummer gowns, the figured India dimities among the most popular and desirable, in white, colored and black, with delicate designs, also plain colored dimity muslin in all the mode shades, dainty and beautiful.

The pretty silk tissues are new and effective, and very popular and stylish, developing into gowns handsome and serviceable. There are the pretty silk gingham, choice and new in tempting variety of color and design.

Albatross and nun's veiling are dainty and beautiful in evening shades as well as colorings for street wear. Plaitings, embroidery and lace are lavishly used on bodices and sleeves, ruffles edged with lace adorn the skirts. Ruches and collarettes retain their high favor, and are universally becoming; chiffon and lace are employed in these decorations, and neck trimmings of lace embellish gowns of nearly all styles.

The jacket suit remains a favorite, and there are various fabrics adapted to this costume, among which we note cheviot, twill and serge suitings, and fancy costume cloths in new plain colors and mixtures, hair lines, checks, boucle effects and fancy jacquard figures and stripes. Silk tubular braid trims these jackets in attractive style; stitching is also a favorite finish to jacket suits. The catalogue of the National Cloak Co. of New York shows some exceedingly handsome and stylish suits in popular styles; there are pretty visiting suits, jacket, tailor-made, and charming street costumes, every skirt cut after the latest Paris model, lined with percale, and stiffened with wire cloth to give it the correct flare. The jackets and waists are in perfect style and finish, and in a great variety of beautiful fabrics.

Vigoreaux is a popular variety of chevrol of light weight, in browns and greys, well adapted to bicycle and golf suits. There are various canvas weaves for summer wear, employed for yachting and outing suits generally. The Delacorte gives practical and attractive designs for these popular costumes, and the patterns are always reliable. A. C. W.

August 4, 1897.

## YE OLDEN DAYS.

While visiting a friend, I took from the table a copy of the dear old Farmer, a friend of my childhood days, and turning to the Woman's Department, I saw the article on scolding. I read every word of it, then re-read it, and it reminded me very forcibly of a woman I knew in the long ago, when teaching school in a distant State, and as was common in those days, boarding around. I then often wondered if a good ducking in a mill pond would not have had a beneficial result to that woman.

She was an habitual scold or shrew, and having a large family of children, she doubtless had sometimes some excuse for her scolding. She and work were not on friendly terms, so her boys would walk the streets with pins in their clothing where stitches and buttons should have been.

Her husband, poor man, had what was called by his neighbors his "blue room." It was said to contain an old rusty stove, also a bed, and when the scolding would make his home a trifle too hot, this "blue room" was his "haven of rest." It was said that he would stay in this old house days at a time, and what food he had during these blue spells was carried to him by the children. Poor man, his blue spells were very frequent. Hired help was hard to get, and still harder to keep.

This woman, as did her children, had the double-faced for different people as a "fashionable" woman has bonnets. There were imaginary slights and accusations when none were intended, and as the author of scolding describes it, they shook it, talked it, and held it forth for the edification of their neighbors, but there was little glory for themselves in so doing.

## TEACHER.

American Women's Gift to a Queen.  
A testimonial from the Swedish-American women of Chicago to Queen Sophia of Sweden in the shape of an artistic album is being made by Axtel Olson, a local Swedish artist, for presentation to the Queen in September on the 25th anniversary of her husband's accession to the throne. The album is to come from the Swedish-American Women's Equality Association, and will be carried to Sweden by Mrs. Anna Windroy, a member of the organization.

A rare white wood is to be used in making the album. On the front cover will be carved in relief a group representing Columbia and Svea, the goddesses of Sweden, with clasped hands, Columbia being in the act of placing a wreath upon the head of a bust of Queen Sophia.

Months ago subscriptions were begun for testimonials to King Oscar, and he will receive a piece of sculpture cast in will silver, besides an address signed by thousands of Swedish-Americans.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

As a rule American cooks do not use curry powder to any great extent, but it is one of the best condiments known, not only healthful but exceedingly tasteful—to those who like it.

When grease is spilled on the floor, or any wooden surface, the first thought is to wash it up at once with hot soap and water. But it is said that this is the worst thing to do, as it will sink into the wood in spite of you. If you pour cold water on it it will harden and be removed more easily.

A little piece oforris root placed in the boiler and boiled with the clothes will give a delightful fragrance to the linen.

It is said that rats cannot resist sunflower seeds, and therefore they are recommended as bait for a trap.

Turpentine will remove tar from any kind of cloth.

Salt is useful, when mixed with vaseline, to cleanse hands that have become grimy through housework. Rub the mixture well into the hands, and then wash thoroughly with ordinary soap.

One cannot be too careful in seedling raisins or picking out the meat from nuts which are to be used in cooking, for what more aggravating than to find a nut shell or a raisin seed in the food?

I wonder if any of the inventions for seedling raisins do the work as well as the two hands can do it?

Lamb, like mutton, should be a bright red color, with white fat; it is best when two months old. Lamb mutton is much better if hung, lamb should be used within three days after killing.

Tomato salad is one of the prettiest of dishes. Cut a tomato in halves, place in a lettuce leaf and pour the dressing over it. The green and red and yellow make a pretty combination.

Bread dough which is moulded quite a bit at night when it is just made seems of much finer texture than the case when all the moulding is left for the morning.

Truths Told in a Few Words.  
A child's respect for his parent is not secured by over-lencency any more than by over-severity.

A daughter should never seek nor be allowed to "outdress" her mother. In every family the mother should be the best dressed member.

The discarded finery of a daughter should never constitute a mother's wardrobe. No one feels especially dignified in the presence of one who old clothes she is wearing, and a mother should at all times preserve her dignity before her children. The mother who never loses her queenliness will never lose her crown.

Preventable misfortunes consist, chiefly, of manifold things, little to do, but immense things to have done.

The man who earns one dollar and spends two, and the man who earns two and spends one, stands on either side of the hair-line between heedlessness and discretion, between ruin and safety.

Parents generally receive that measure of filial respect they deserve—not always, perhaps, but very generally.

When a mother allows her daughter to appropriate her wraps, gloves, veils, or other articles of personal attire, she begins a policy of familiarity which, sooner or later breeds contempt. A respect for one's belongings engenders a respect for their possessor.—August Ladies Home Journal.

## How to Make a Pretty Ornament.

Get an Italian vase made of red clay and soak it in water for a couple of days. Then sprinkle timothy seeds over all the outside, and in a week or ten days the seed will sprout and grow until the whole vase is covered with a coat of the loveliest, softest green imaginable. Fill the vase with water so soon as the seeds are sprinkled on the outside and allow it to grow frequently. Put roses in the vase, and the result is positively ideal. When the grass begins to fade, in three or four weeks, it can be peeled off and fresh seeds planted as before.

## Best and Worst Fashions.

It is a curious fact that the fashions in women's attire during the period covered by Victoria's reign have traveled almost in a circle. The modes in 1837, when she ascended the throne, were more like those of to-day than are any that have come in the years between. Endless reviews of the subject have been printed in fashion magazines, and the general opinion seems to be that the fashions of to-day are the prettiest, and those of the year 1837 the ugliest that can be found in the period mentioned.

## Value of Victoria's China.

The sum of \$2,000,000 would not be an extravagant estimate of the value of the Queen's china at Buckingham palace and at Windsor, considering that the Sevres desert service in the green drawing room at Windsor is valued at £100,000, and the Rose du Barri values, in the corridors, at £50,000, while there are six Sevres cases at Buckingham palace for which there would be an eager competition if they were put up to-morrow at £30,000.

## A Farm among Mansions.

Mrs. Sarah Pierce has a little farm covering three city lots on Lexington avenue, Chicago. It is right in the midst of fashionable residences. The "farm house" is a tumble-down shanty, and the fence is a queer affair made of barrel staves. Do the fashionable neighbors object? Not a bit; they buy Mrs. Pierce's butter and eggs, and swear by their household gods that the like cannot be had elsewhere.

## A Watch on a Bracelet.

It is a sad note to carry a watch in some unusual manner. Watches as clasps on bracelets are becoming fashionable abroad. There has been in recent years a great advance in the methods of making very small timepieces. A few years ago they were made even by the jewellers who sold them to be wholly unreliable, but now the finest of them keeps very good time.

A woman with a long thumb will, according to Desbarolles, the authority on palmistry, always do her best to have her own way. So will almost any other woman.

## Put to a New Use.

The cat-tail which is found to such an extent in swampy land is being put to a new use, says an exchange, and the fur or vegetable down of this plant is said to be superior to feathers or cotton for many purposes, and while not quite as useful as eiderdown it approaches it very closely. It is claimed that many of the supposed plush-covered sofas are really covered with a fabric of cat-tail. It wears better than plush, it is said, and is much cheaper. Sofa pillows covered with what is called Alaskan plush, but which is nothing but cat-tail, gives good satisfaction, and the photograph albums which are oftentimes sold at such "bargain" prices, are made of the same material. It is becoming a prevalent custom to use cat-tail on the back of hand mirrors and brushes, which heretofore have been backed with plush, and some say that the substitute is proving better than the original. The eiderdown quilt is said to be an old time article of luxury, as the cat-tail quilt is just as comfortable and costs about one-quarter as much. So a great many people of to-day are using articles made of this new product who have no idea where the material comes from.

Miss Martineau tells the following story: Coleridge, when a young man, was walking through the Lake district when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying she could not pay the postage, which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Coleridge paid the postage, in spite of the manifest unwillingness of the woman. As soon as the postman was out of sight she showed Coleridge how his money had been wasted as far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an agreement between her brother and herself that as long as all went well with him, he should send a blank sheet in this way once a quarter; and she thus had tidings of him without expense of postage. Most persons would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but there was one mind which awakened at once to the significance of the fact. It struck Mr. Rowland Hill that there must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating, in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare. Mr. Hill gradually worked out for himself, a comprehensive scheme of reform. He put it before the world in 1837, in a pamphlet entitled "Post Office Reform, its Importance and Practicability." To him England and all the world owes its present cheap and uniform Postal System.—From History of Our Own Times, by Justin McCarthy.

## ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Here is a lesson that he who runs may read: "Though I fear but few have won it—The best reward of a kindly deed—Is the knowledge of having done it."

Pallid faces indicate pale, thin blood. Rosy cheeks show the pure, rich blood resulting from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Two thousand patents have been taken out in this country on the manufacture of paper alone.

"Adamson's Cough Balm" still continues to sell better with us than any other cough remedy; in fact, we sell more of it than all others together. It sells itself. J. W. Perkins & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Portland, Me.

Old lady—You poor, ragged, tattered creature! Where do you come from?  
Trump—I fell out of the air ship that passed over here last night.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Let one look of Fortune cast you down:  
She were not Fortune if she did not frown:  
Such as do bravest heretofore scorn awhile  
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

It is the only medicine that is so safe and so effective for infants and children. It is the only medicine that is so safe and so effective for infants and children.

Life ought not to be a succession of happenings, a matter of outward fortunes, but a cumulative inward growth, and a cumulative power of productivity.

A business man is not the most patient creature in the world. He cannot wait to hear any long-drawn-out story of the cause of his ailment. He doesn't care to wait for a cure, and he doesn't care how he should treat himself. He is predisposed to scrofula, or consumption. "That," he will tell you, "has nothing to do with the case." If he can't be cured, write out a prescription and send in your bill. So, here's the first part of the proposition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a microbe hunter and killer. Many persons of scrofulous blood, encourage the breaking out of unsightly sores, to prevent the disease going to the lungs. There is no need of this state of dread and discomfort. Purify the blood. It can be done. "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure 98 per cent of all consumptive cases, also of all other lingering bronchial, throat and lung diseases.

We would rather have anything that is lost stay lost forever than have it found by a methodical man.—Atchison Globe.

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## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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## Young Folks' Column.

## BOY LIFE IN EGYPT.

"See the men! Don't they look queer!" was the exclamation of the passengers as our steamer moved up to the wharf at Alexandria, and we looked down upon hundreds of men and boys, dressed in black, blue or white gowns.

It is, indeed, a novel sight to an American, when first arriving in Egypt, to see men wearing gowns which sometimes touch the ground, red or yellow slippers on their feet, and red caps, green, yellow or white turbans, or perhaps an old shawl wound around the head, and falling down upon the shoulders.

The boys are just as picturesque as the grown people, and we soon began to look with great interest at the little fellows, as we saw them on the street, in the churches, and at school.

They are darker in color than American or English boys, and in the northern part of Egypt they have light brown skin, black hair, thick lips, black or brown eyes, straight eyebrows, and very regular, white teeth. In fact, a traveller always notices that, no matter how dirty a boy's clothes may be, his teeth are white and glistening. We often wondered how they kept them so white, and found that they were fond of chewing sugar cane, which perhaps helps to polish the teeth. They also take great care of their finger nails, and stain them red, which makes a pretty contrast with their brown hands.

Their costumes are different in Cairo and Alexandria from what they are farther south; but in those cities boys under twelve years of age wear a white cotton shirt and drawers, and over them a long sack with flowing sleeves. This garment is made of either colored calico or white or blue muslin, and is sometimes belted at the waist with a cord or sash; but generally it hangs loose from the shoulders, and is open at the throat.

Some boys run around barefooted, even in cold weather, but many wear white cotton socks, and red or yellow slippers without any heels. These slippers only come over the toe, and flap up and down with every step; but in some way the boys manage to keep them on their feet, and run just as fast as any boys.

Many of the small boys wear white cotton caps embroidered with needlework, others wear white muslin wound around the head. But the larger boys wear a red felt cap, with a long black tassel, which they call a fez. The older boys dress more gaily, and wear beautiful red or black sleeveless jackets, embroidered in gold or silver, over the white cotton gown, which is belted at the waist by a bright silk sash. Others wear very loose, baggy trousers, made of blue or crimson woolen cloth, with a jacket of the same, handsomely braided, which makes a very becoming costume.

The boys are taught, when very young, to be very polite, and to make many bows, which are called "salaams," and they are very courteous when they meet grown people. We shall always remember with pleasure a dear little six-year-old boy who came into the room where we were visiting, and though his dress was only a homely calico sack, his manners were most charming. There were eight ladies in the room, but he was not at all embarrassed. He walked up to one of them, took her right hand in his right hand, kissed it, and then raised it to the forehead. Then he moved on to the next lady, and greeted her in the same way, and then to the next one, until he had taken us all by the hand, when he seated himself cross-legged on the floor, and listened to the conversation.

Dorothy was a gay, prancing horse, and Roy was a coachman armed with a long whip. They paused for breath beside the old roller. Roy clambered up to the high seat and flourished his whip. Dorothy drummed on the hollow-sounding sides with her chubby fingers. Suddenly a loose board rattled to the ground. Dorothy thrust her curly head inside the roller. "Oh, what a nice play-house!" she cried. Roy got down and peeped in. "Go it," he said. "We can live here when it rains, for there's a really roof and a truly floor." "We'll call it Clover Cottage," said Dorothy, "for, see how thick the clover is all round it!"

In about an hour "Clover Cottage" was in perfect order. Pictures and cards were tacked up, and the dolls and the furniture and the dishes, all in place. Snowball was purring on a little bed of pine-needles, and Trip lay beside her fast asleep.

Tired by her work, Dorothy cuddled down a minute, too. Roy put back the loose board to shut out the blazing sun. Then he cuddled down beside his sister, and they were fast asleep.

At twelve o'clock, Nornah came to the kitchen door and blew the great tin dinner-bell. Hiram promptly unhitched "Old Dolly" from the hayrack and started for the house. "I may as well haul the roller along and put it under cover," he said to himself, as he passed the lane.

He backed patient Dolly into the hills and mounted the high seat. "Clover Cottage" gave a sudden lurch forward. Dorothy woke with a scream. Trip was thrown violently into her lap, yelping wildly. Snowball clawed madly at the slowly-turning roller. Roy tried to shield his sister with his short arms, as dolls, dishes and themselves rolled together in confusion. "Old Dolly" pricked up her ears and stopped short. Hiram sprang down and tried to peer through the cracks of the roller.

Helped by Roy within, the loose board was soon pushed aside and the unhappy little inmates of "Clover Cottage" crawled out, one by one. Frightened Trip shot down the lane. Snowball scrambled up the nearest tree trunk.

"Well," said Hiram, "I call this quite an earthquake!"—Babyland.

Dear Young Folks: I thought I would write once more for the old Farmer. This is the third time I have written for it. I enjoy the young folks' column very much and would like to see more letters than there have been lately. I think it is much more interesting. I live on a farm. Papa has taken the Farmer a good many years. It is very pleasant here.

After the boy has been with you awhile, he is very apt to come to your side, and, with his most engaging smile, hold out his hand, and say, "Good dog, good Mellican donkey, very fast Mellican donkey; bakhshesh, bakhshesh," which means that he expects you will give him some extra money for the very good "Mellican donkey."—Sunday School Times.

AN ODD EARTHQUAKE.  
After Hiram sowed the field of rye, he left the big wooden roller standing in the lane. It was a big roller, almost five feet high!

One sunny forenoon, Roy and Dorothy raced up the lane with little black Trip and white Snowball at their heels.

Dorothy was a gay, prancing horse, and Roy was a coachman armed with a long whip. They paused for breath beside the old roller. Roy clambered up to the high seat and flourished his whip. Dorothy drummed on the hollow-sounding sides with her chubby fingers. Suddenly a loose board rattled to the ground. Dorothy thrust her curly head inside the roller. "Oh, what a nice play-house!" she cried. Roy got down and peeped in. "Go it," he said. "We can live here when it rains, for there's a really roof and a truly floor." "We'll call it Clover Cottage," said Dorothy, "for, see how thick the clover is all round it!"

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learning the first chapter, then the next to the last, and so backward, until they reach the second chapter.

The language is very difficult, and the masters do not explain it to the boys; but it is one of the laws of their religion that they must know the Koran by heart.

We were pleased to see that the boys looked



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Mr. C. S. Ayer, our Agent, is now calling

upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

Mr. J. W. Kirtland, our Agent, is now call-

ing upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

Prof. Munson, superintendent of the

horticultural department of the Maine

Experiment Station at Orono, is interest-

ing himself in behalf of the blueberry.

He is of the opinion that it can be suc-

cessfully cultivated, and for this pur-

pose has recently received a number of

shrubs to be experimented upon.

The determination of the leading life

insurance companies to carry no risks on

Klondike explorers has fallen with

dampening effect on the co-operative

companies which were forming in In-

dianapolis, Ind., and upon a number of

men who are preparing to start for

Alaska during the coming winter.

Dr. Albion W. Small of the University

of Chicago, with his wife and daughter,

sail on the steamer Vancouver from

Montreal, next Saturday. They will re-

main abroad until the end of December,

and expect to spend most of the time in

Germany. Dr. Small's multiplied duties

in connection with the University have

made unusual demands upon his strength

in the past few years.

Joachim Miller's complete impedimenta

for his journey to the Klondike consists

of 20 pounds of bacon, 12 pounds of

hardtack, half a pound of tea, a heavy

pair of blankets, socks, underclothing,

boots, a rubber blanket, a mackintosh,

a pound of assorted nails, 100 feet of

rope, a sail, an axe, a pocket knife, an

iron cup, a thermometer, a game bag,

and about \$100. This seems to be ad-

equate for the emergency.

The third annual convention of the

National Apple Shippers' Association

convened at Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday,

August 10. About 60 delegates were in

attendance, representing every State of the

Union. It is said that members of the

association handled two-thirds of the

last year's crop, estimated at 75,000,000

barrels. Delegates from the Eastern

States report that the crop will be but

one-fourth to one-third of the usual out-

put, while those from the South and

West report a full crop.

Mr. Ernest Gross of Brewer, who has

been the mover in the effort to have

Field's pond, Orrington, stocked with

landlocked salmon and trout, has re-

ceived word from Washington that the

petition has been granted and that the

salmon and trout fry will be furnished

from the Green Lake hatchery. A move

is on foot to have this pond closed to

winter fishing for a term of three to five

years, and the matter will be brought to

the attention of the fish commissioners

in a short time.

Aroostook scenery, says a paper in

that county, was never richer, fuller or

more gladdening to the eye in enjoy-

ments of growth and abundance than now.

There are many good fields of grass, the

grain rank and thrifty, and in the past

two weeks the potato fields have had a

marvellous growth, so that now many

have tops which cover the ground and

are in full blossom. A few weeks ago

one might have had some misgivings re-

garding a crop, but any one who rides

through Aroostook now sees nothing but

the promise of abundance. The present

prospects is of a good crop, except the

necessary discount which will have to be

made for many potato fields missing

bodily.

Those people in Maine who have in

past years listened to the eloquent words

of Ex-Governor Flower of New York,

will be interested in his opinion as to

the business outlook. In a recent inter-

view he says: "It appears that we are

certain of prosperity. The immense

winter wheat crop in the country ma-

ture before any other crop in the world,

and there is a large shortage in Ar-

gentine, Brazil, France and other coun-

tries and in England, it makes a large

demand than ever for our wheat. I ex-

pect this demand to continue, and if

wheat maintains its present price and

does not go above the export market, it

will be a sure indication that the farm-

ers of the West are going to have an era

of prosperity, and hence prosperity will

come to every branch of business

throughout the United States."

The first correspondent has reached

the Klondike region and he writes in-

terestingly of the situation. Miners are

warning into the country. There are

no openings for the newcomers to locate

claims along any of the creeks where

gold is known to be, as all such claims

have long since been taken. The new

comers have to strike for new places

and seem to have good success generally.

The hurrying rush of adventurers to the

mining regions is having its natural re-

sults. Up goes the price of provisions,

already out of all reason, and down

comes the price of labor. Many miners

who have not had luck are turned into

laborers because they must have food

and clothing to live. It seems probable

that before long the price paid for labor

will be barely enough to keep body and

soul together. Such reports as these

bear out past statements of Alaskan ex-

perts that no one should try for a fortune

in the gold fields unless possessed of a

moderate capital. Miners without re-

sources, unless making a rich find at

once, are soon obliged to become labor-

ers for others.

## OLD AND EVER RELIABLE MAINE STATE FAIR.

Others may make greater claims, but

no society comes nearer representing the

best of Maine's stock, crops and man-

ufactured products than the old State fair

which opens at Lewiston, Aug. 30th, to

close Sept. 8th. Instead of paying three-

quarters of its awards for races, it dis-

tributes the greater bulk among exhibi-

tors. At the same time, no fair is better

patronized by horsemen than this, as

they know they can have their earnings

as soon as the race closes. The assur-

ance of larger horse stock, poultry,

sheep and crop exhibits, this year,

pleases the officers. Great improvement

has been made at the grounds. The

Marvel of the Century, the Horseless

Wagon race, between three or more elec-

tric carriages, will be a novelty not to be

lost by any. The great list of prizes for

amateur photographers pleases the kodak

lovers everywhere, who should secure a

list and make full exhibit. Something

new and startling is promised in the line

of attractions, both for the grounds and

City Hall. If you are going to any fair

you surely will not want to miss the old

Maine State, where you take the whole

family and all have a grand time. Take

your vacation Aug. 30-31, Sept. 1, 2, 3,

and meet all your friends at Lewiston.

Special trains and rates from everywhere.

Entries close Saturday 14. Don't get

left.

## National Guard Muster.

Good weather guard with the soldier

boys, who are now enjoying their annual

muster on the State muster grounds in

this city. The field with its new tents

makes a fine appearance. The boys

have been mustered in by the Maine

National Guard, and are now being

drilled by their respective regiments.

By the reports made Sunday morning

it was shown there were 1,105 men in

camp divided as follows: First regiment,

540; second, 540; third, 540; fourth, 540.

This does not include the ambu-

lance or signal corps.

Taken together, it is as fine a look-

ing body of soldiers as has ever camped

in the capital city, and one of which the

State can well be proud. The police

of the city say that the boys are a well

behaved, gentlemanly lot of fellows. The

camp this year is laid out on a better

plan than ever before. Everything is

systematic and symmetrical, and the

company tents are in as straight a line as

the State capitol building. The whole

camp is called "Camp Powers," in

honor of the Governor.

The time is spent in the usual routine

of drill, dress parades, etc. The Second

Regiment, as usual won the prize. Hun-

dreds are present at 5 o'clock every

afternoon, to witness the dress parade.

There is much interest in the Maine

National Guard, and the Maine mili-

tary is well known to the people of the

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## KIND WORDS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

[Daily Kennebec Journal.]

The Maine Farmer this week an-

nounces its change of ownership and

management. The features of this

change have already been noticed in our

news columns. Accompanying the an-

nouncement in the Farmer are fine half-

ton portraits of those who now assume

direction of the affairs of this excel-

lent publication: Hon. J. H. Manley, pre-

sident and director; Mr. Oscar Holway,

director; Mr. James S. Sanborn, director,

and Dr. George M. Twitchell, director

and manager. He is announced that

the editorial staff remains unchanged,

and the ablest writers, in every depart-

ment, will be employed to contribute to

these columns. This assurance can but

be gratifying to the many patrons of the

Farmer, who appreciate the faithful and

efficient work of Mr. Owen, the editor,

and of those who have assisted him in

making the Farmer such a paper of in-

terest and value to the farmers of this

State for an agricultural paper, and

merits the large patronage it has re-

ceived. What the Farmer has done is

assured of what it may do in the fu-

ture. The change of ownership and man-

agement is a change for the better, and

it is with pleasure the Journal notes the

evidence of the success the Farmer is

now enjoying. The change of ownership

is a change for the better, and it is with

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# Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which the Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It is promptly and efficiently relieved dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best of Maine News.

The annual reunion of the Fogg family will be held at South Hope on Thursday, August 25.

It has been definitely settled that the Portland & Yarmouth electric railway will be built into Yarmouth this fall.

Saturday evening, at Skowhegan, G. S. Hill, the well known liverman, fell dead in his stable, from heart disease.

Cobb & Preble of Bangor, leading lumbermen of northern Maine, have assigned, with liabilities of \$60,000, assets \$11,000.

James Jenkins, 45 years old, shot his wife, at their home in Lewiston, Saturday afternoon. The cause was jealousy. She was not slightly wounded in the arm.

Ben Oak, aged 22, committed suicide, Saturday night, by jumping off the railroad bridge into the Kennebec river, at Skowhegan. His body was recovered.

He had been insane for some time. The third annual reunion of the "Sons and Daughters of Nathan Lord, 1652," was held at Berwick, Thursday, and was largely attended by members of the family and invited guests.

Mrs. Ora Davis of Auburn, better known as "Aunt Ora," died, Friday, aged 95 years. She was the widow of Dr. J. D. Davis, and had been identified with the local history.

Frank, the three-year-old son of Tax Collector C. E. Duren of Fairfield, died Thursday, from concussion of the brain, caused by a blow from a stick in the hands of a playmate, about a week ago.

The mortgage on the Bangor Opera House, executed in 1882, to secure issue of bonds amounting to \$20,000, have been foreclosed, and Thomas U. Coe, trustee for the bondholders, will take possession of the property.

These postmasters have been appointed: C. W. Whittier, Chesterfield, vice E. B. Hatch; A. B. Noyes, Cooper's Mills, vice Hiram B. Howe; M. A. Tobey, Maciasport, vice Forrest B. Clark; G. H. Day at Lyman.

J. Naton, a Russian Hebrew, dropped dead on Weymouth street, Portland, Thursday afternoon. Naton came here from Boston and worked for a time as a shoemaker. He was seeking a hospital when death overtook him.

Monday afternoon, H. Meader Hobbs and wife of Turner village went blue-berrying. When the shower came up at four o'clock, they took refuge under a tree. The tree was struck by lightning and a part of the discharge took effect in Mr. Hobbs' head, killing him instantly.

The farm of John Weston, living in New Sharon, on the Farmington Falls road, was broken into a few nights ago and fifteen half-blooded pullets taken away. A few nights after, the slaughter house of Mr. Chapman was entered and forty chickens he had on hand intended to send to Boston, were stolen.

A thunder tempest, Monday evening, was particularly severe in the vicinity of Bangor. West Old Town had its full share. There a terrific wind blew, lightning flashed and thunder roared, while the rain came down hard. A number of barns were blown down, also telegraph and telephone poles, with other minor damage. Probably other places in that section also suffered.

At an adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Sebasticook & Moosehead Railroad held at Pittsfield, the following directors were elected: Charles D. Hennes, Stephen Lake, Hiram McGonigal of New York State, and Hiram McGonigal of Maine. The same board will assume control of the Wiscasset & Quebec road at an early date if plans mature.

John D. Sargent of Machias, who, according to public despatches, was lynched by a mob in Wyoming, recently on account of cruelty to his wife, arrived at Portland on Wednesday night's steamer, thereby giving positive denial to the report about that place. Sargent is a member of one of the leading families of that place. The report that he had been lynched aroused considerable excitement.

The annual reunion of the 14th Maine Regimental Association was held at Long Beach, Portland harbor, Wednesday. The following officers were elected: J. S. Nickerson, Boston, President; Dr. Enoch Adams, Littlefield; Wm. M. Perkins, Mechanic Falls, E. A. Loud, Boston, Secretary and Treasurer; H. J. Melrose, Secretary and Treasurer; Wm. Worster, Deering, E. L. Clark, Chelsea, F. D. Mixer, North Auburn, executive committee.

At the reunion of the 24th Maine Regiment held in Farmington, Thursday, these officers were chosen: President, Lewellyn Libby of Albion; First Vice President, Isaac B. Russell of Farmington; Second Vice President, Capt. Hiram C. Vaughan of Foxcroft; Third Vice President, William Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, O. L. Basford of Fayette. The next reunion will be held at the 20th of August, 1898, in the city of Lewiston. After electing officers they entered into story telling and reminiscences of the late war and short speeches.

The authorities captured five youthful burglars in Lewiston, Wednesday evening, who for the past three weeks have been entering the storehouse of Hall & Kane on Canal street. The officer on duty had received information that the bold robberies were being committed and accordingly set the watch. The report was that he captured Willie Pelletier, 13 years old, in the act of entering. He confessed enough to enable the officer to take four more boys, all under 13 years of age, to the station and lock them up as accomplices.

The agent of the Spool Company at Foxcroft, Mr. L. H. Dwyer, informs the Portland Observer that during the past 25 years he has paid something like \$250,000 for lumber, and about that sum has been expended for its manufacture into spools. This half million dollars has nearly all been distributed in this

immediate locality, and as a consequence many dwellings have been erected in our villages. In years past there have been employed in and about that mill, and in the woods cutting lumber, some 70 hands, but on account of business stagnation and other causes, this number has been largely reduced.

P. A. Rich of Charlotte, was attacked by a bull in his pasture the other morning, and barely escaped being killed. He started after his horse, and being gone longer than was thought necessary, the bull, a hired man, went in search of him, and soon heard his cries for help. The bull had Mr. Rich down, and was trampling and charging him furiously. Young Niles seized a fence rail and succeeded in dragging Mr. Rich over the fence near by, before he could come at them again. The injured man was carried to the house on a quilt, and a doctor summoned, who pronounced him badly hurt, three ribs being fractured and many cuts and bruises on his face and body. It is hoped he is not injured internally, although he is suffering from the shock he has since been killed to prevent further mischief.

While out in a boat at East Newport, Wednesday, Michael Cooney, 21 years old, son of William Cooney, of Northampton, Mass., was killed by the supposed accidental discharge of his gun. The charge entered below the ear, blowing half his head off.

S. A. Parker of Belfast received a severe head and back injury. He put a large pair of shears on a shelf, and the handles meeting some obstruction, the points were forced into the palm of his hand.

Herbert Flagg of Belmont fell while at the annual meeting of the end of a cart stake, which made a bad punctured wound under his arm.

Ivy Stillman of Fort Fairfield, aged twenty-three years, was drowned while bathing in the Arrostook river, Thursday.

Bernard Ryan met with a painful accident last week, while at work at White Island, quarrying stone. He badly crushed one of his fingers on the left hand. The injury was so bad that he was sent to Portland, where the wound was dressed.

Henry Priest, a 61-year-old hunter and lumberman of Meadway, while clearing a rusty revolver, Thursday, accidentally discharged it, and the bullet lodged in his left leg, near the knee.

Wednesday night Mr. Littlejohn, mate of the schooner Cumberland, was going up the wharf at South Portland, having taken the last ferry boat from the city, when he heard a cry for help from the water. He ran to the foot of the railway spile accompanied by another man, and found a fellow clinging to the spile. He was nearly exhausted when rescued. He proved to be the cook of the Idella Smith.

M. S. Green of North Wilton, pitching hay, accidentally stuck the fork into his foot, striking a nerve and causing serious injuries.

John White, aged 20 years, and a companion named Tibbedo, started up the Penobscot river in a canoe, from Castigan, five miles above Old Town, Sunday.

The mortgagor upon the Bangor Opera House, executed in 1882, to secure issue of bonds amounting to \$20,000, have been foreclosed, and Thomas U. Coe, trustee for the bondholders, will take possession of the property.

Monday, while the crew of Wilbur F. Frank, the well known, was erecting a machine on the wharf at South Portland, Marshall Brown at Falmouth Forehead, it fell onto the foreman, Mr. Arthur Brown, crushing one of his legs badly.

Mrs. Irene Douglas was burned to death, Saturday night, while trying to save the burning barn of her son Frank at Norton Hill. She was overcome by smoke and her body was consumed before the eyes of her neighbors.

Friday, a very handsome looking and a fine acting horse, said to have paced a mile in 2:25, undeveloped.

F. J. Libby, the renowned milkman, keeps a pair of eight horses and forty head of cattle, the herd being headed by a pure bred Holstein. He raises fodder enough for all this stock on his eighty-acre farm, and last spring he sold eight or ten tons of hay to sell. Last season he had fifteen acres in yellow corn, fed green, and cured with the ears on, and was well satisfied with the result.

J. Scott Jordan, this year, has eight acres in one place, probably the largest piece ever planted to cabbage on Cape Elizabeth.

Edgar W. Jordan, this year, planted nine bushels of peas, probably the largest quantity of peas ever planted by one man on the Cape. Mr. Jordan also has strong nine bushels of peas, which is another leading crop on Cape Elizabeth.

A few years since H. G. Jordan and his wife owned 150 tons, others 100 tons. J. Scott Jordan, this year, has eight acres in one place, probably the largest piece ever planted to cabbage on Cape Elizabeth.

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## Communications.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

tumble-down places, surround the farm. The hood crops show clear cultivation. Pig weeds and Roman weeds have no place among them. In the garden are growing vegetables in variety and abundance, and the farmer's family sits down to a table loaded with eatables fit for a king.

The house is large, roomy and well painted, while before it stretches a green lawn, with flower-beds and shrubs here and there upon it. A few trees with spreading branches furnish shade of a summer afternoon. Beneath these trees are no fallen limbs; among their branches are no dead ends. The wood pile is stacked in the shed as soon as fitted, leaving no litter outside.

Everything about the barn receives good care. There are no empty stalls, no vacant pens. Thirty-five stall stalls, the floor is cleanly swept, the farming tools are carefully put away.

This is a highland farm. Green hills are all about, and away in the distance, their blue summits extending into the bluer sky, the green of their forests softened and changed by the summer haze, rise the mountains, grand, majestic, a river, like a giant, winds through the valleys, and upon its banks, here and there, are scattered peaceful villages.

Thus, without, both near and far, the beauties of nature and the works of man seem to harmonize.

In the home are farm journals, newspapers, magazines, and a small library of good books. A few paintings adorn the walls, a piano or organ stands in the parlor. Thus the farmer, by strict attention to business, by keeping abreast of the times, and by careful management, is able to enjoy much of literature, of art, and of music.

It is unnecessary to add that his children, when grown up, do not go away from home to seek their fortunes in already over-crowded cities, or in the gold fields of the Klondike, but remain near home, to be a comfort and help to their parents as they advance in years.

For the Maine Farmer.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY C. S. A.

The Peterson Brothers, Brunswick, (Bath P. O.), sons of the late C. F. Peterson, of the school of Cumberland, are going up the wharf at South Portland, having taken the last ferry boat from the city, when he heard a cry for help from the water. He ran to the foot of the railway spile accompanied by another man, and found a fellow clinging to the spile. He was nearly exhausted when rescued. He proved to be the cook of the Idella Smith.

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## BETTER THAN KLONDKE!

## A PRODUCING PROPERTY!

## GREEN GOLD MINE.

Capital Stock, \$500,000. Par Value of Shares, \$1 Each.

A. P. MINEAR, TREASURER, NO. 2 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

E. R. GRANT, Transfer Agent, 57 Broadway, New York.

The Green Gold Mine is opened, developed and equipped with a ten-stamp mill, capable of crushing 30 tons of ore per day; good hoisting works, machinery, dwellings, shops, etc., and is now at work. It has produced \$70,000 in gold. The ore averages \$40 per ton. The mine is situated in Tuolumne County, California, in a district which has produced \$215,000,000 in gold, and is producing millions of dollars annually. It is near and similar in character to the Confidence Mine, which has produced \$1,250,000 gold, and the Salsbury mine, which has yielded \$5,500,000.

A portion of the capital stock of the Green Gold Mine is offered for sale for the purpose of further development and increasing the product of the mine. It is believed to be as safe and profitable a proposition as was ever offered to investors. The mine is located in the finest climate in the world, where work can be done every day in the year, and in one of the richest gold-mining districts, in operation in the Klondike territory. It is a property, well developed, proved mine, with great promise of profit. Prospects, maps and full information on application in person or by mail.

WHO IS TO BLAME IF YOU GET LEFT? ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 14.

MAINE STATE FAIR, LEWISTON, SEPT. 1, 2 and 3.

See the Wonderful Attractions. Something New Every Day.

NO OTHER FAIR LIKE IT!

SEND FOR BLANKS AND EXHIBIT. C. M. TWITCHELL, Sec'y, Augusta.

## CLARION RANGES AND STOVES

Make Friends Everywhere

because they can be relied upon AT ALL TIMES

and are

THOROUGHLY

CONSTRUCTED

in the best manner possible

New Designs, New Improvements, but the same old standard of excellence in every detail. Ask your dealer for them or write to the manufacturers.

WOOD & BISHOP CO., Bangor, Me.

Established 1850. Incorporated 1894.

THE IMPERIAL CLARION.

Champion Offer to Subscribers.

Grand Cash Premium. Every Subscriber, Old or New, Shares Alike.

\$2.25 for the Maine Farmer one year, and either the Farmer's Handy Egg Case, 12 doz., or Butter Carrier, 12 to 18 lbs.

Lowest Retail Price of Either, \$1.50.

Improve this opportunity. Secure this grand premium and the only agricultural newspaper in Maine, at once.

He Sells "L. F."

MATTAWAMBEK, ME.

Sirs,—I have sold "L. F." Bitters for twenty years. They are the most salable bitters we have in the store.

Geo. W. Smith.

She recommends "L. F."

RANGOR, ME.

Dear Sirs,—I have recommended your "L. F." Bitters for Dyspepsia, and shall always do so.

Mrs. ESTHER PERKINS.

She knows from experience

ELIOT, ME.

I have taken your "L. F." At-worming and can recommend them very highly.

Mrs. S. C. NASON.

35c. a bottle. Avoid Imitations.

Now Ready! Fall Goods!

BALOWIN ENSILAGE CUTTERS AND CARRIERS.

ROOT AND HAY CUTTERS.

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CIDER MILLS AND WINE PRESSES.

FAN MILLS.

BONE CUTTERS AND GRINDERS.

PLOWS, AND HARVEST BASKETS.

CRASS SEEDS.

(For Fall Sowing)

Poultry and Dairy Goods a Specialty.

Write for prices.

KENDALL & WHITNEY.

Federal & Temple Sts., PORTLAND, ME.

For Sale—Two bull calves by Mr. J. W. Libby, of the place, and Merry Maiden, the champion cow, for sale. No better insurance can be had. Fair dairy tools. The first dropped July 15, 1897. Dam, Caliente, 1873, granddam of the great Brown Bessie. The second dropped July 18, 1897. Dam, Annie Lee Morgan, 1883, a daughter of Mr. J. W. Libby, of the place. Write for prices.

HOOD FARM, Lowell, Mass.

Notice to Builders.

Proposals will be received until Tuesday, August 17th, for furnishing material and labor for the building of a new school house at the best bid, to be made in accordance with plans and specifications to be seen at the Maine Farmer Office, Augusta. The lowest bidder will be required to sign a bond for the completion of the work.

August 12, 1897.

WANTED

A practical farmer, married, to take charge of a farm within fifty miles of Portland, Me. One who thoroughly understands care of horses, cows, poultry and the raising of vegetables, and whose wife can care for a sick and make good butter. For further details apply to office of Maine Farmer, Augusta, Me.

411

WANTED

Set in and send Sept. will produce a crop next year. Fine stock of plants, prices reasonable. C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.

PURE UNLEACHED

CANADIAN HARD-WOOD ASHES

G. STEVENS

Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.

In speaking of President McKinley's recent visit to Vermont, the New York Sun says: "At the close of the review, Capt. Dodd's troop of rough riders, when turned out to the best drill troop of cavalry in the United States, if not in the world, gave one of its marvelous drills, performing the most difficult evolutions, including the 'Virginia reel, grand right and left, manual of arms, etc., without orders, except by the music of the band. At the close of the drill the officers were presented to the President and vice president by Gen. Henry Secretary Alger complimented the officers upon the proficiency of the troops, saying he had never witnessed finer drill."

This famous troop will be at the Eastern Maine State Fair during all the fair week, Aug. 31 to Sept. 4, inclusive.

# BETTER THAN KLONDKE!

# A PRODUCING PROPERTY!

# GREEN GOLD MINE.

Capital Stock, \$500,000. Par Value of Shares, \$1 Each.

A. P. MINEAR, TREASURER, NO. 2 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

E. R. GRANT, Transfer Agent, 57 Broadway, New York.

The Green Gold Mine is opened, developed and equipped with a ten-stamp mill, capable of crushing 30 tons of ore per day; good hoisting works, machinery, dwellings, shops, etc., and is now at work. It has produced \$70,000 in gold. The ore averages \$40 per ton. The mine is situated in Tuolumne County, California, in a district which has produced \$215,000,000 in gold, and is producing millions of dollars annually. It is near and similar in character to the Confidence Mine, which has produced \$1,250,000 gold, and the Salsbury mine, which has yielded \$5,500,000.

A portion of the capital stock of the Green Gold Mine is offered for sale for the purpose of further development and increasing the product of the mine. It is believed to be as safe and profitable a proposition as was ever offered to investors. The mine is located in the finest climate in the world, where work can be done every day in the year, and in one of the richest gold-mining districts, in operation in the Klondike territory. It is a property, well developed, proved mine, with great promise of profit. Prospects, maps and full information on application in person or by mail.

WHO IS TO BLAME IF YOU GET LEFT? ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 14.

MAINE STATE FAIR, LEWISTON, SEPT. 1, 2 and 3.

See the Wonderful Attractions. Something New Every Day.

NO OTHER FAIR LIKE IT!

SEND FOR BLANKS AND EXHIBIT. C. M. TWITCHELL, Sec'y, Augusta.

## CLARION RANGES AND STOVES

Make Friends Everywhere

because they can be relied upon AT ALL TIMES

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THOROUGHLY

CONSTRUCTED

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New Designs, New Improvements, but the same old standard of excellence in every detail. Ask your dealer for them or write to the manufacturers.

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THE IMPERIAL CLARION.

Champion Offer to Subscribers.

Grand Cash Premium. Every Subscriber, Old or New, Shares Alike



## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.  
A MIRROR.

BY G. E. L.

The future looks plain:  
We tread them now, and see,  
Far distant, a mirage—a place  
Of rest, of peace, of ease,  
The burning sun scorches the feet,  
The scorching sun scorches the feet,  
Discouragement, and anon are seen  
Wonderous visions 'e'en in strife.Clothed with new born zeal, we try  
The castles, fame and rest  
To gain. We find ourselves again  
And strive to gain the best.  
Our thoughts are our better selves,  
The bulled castle we see,  
Is a mirage of our future.  
What we may ever be.No music is too sweet for earth;  
No life too pure; we need  
All the beauty our minds picture,  
In thought, in word, in deed.  
Mirrored loveliness is true,  
More true than life itself.  
The future will be true to us,  
If we try to make it real.  
Pittsford.

## GOOD BYE.

BY ELKANOR.

The golden link that bound our hearts  
In true love's mystic tie,  
Reluctant fate has severed,  
And we must say good bye.And I, a lonely wanderer,  
Must roam the wide world through,  
Without one lingering ray of hope  
To call me back to you.But though across life's troubled sea  
Our barques must drift apart,  
Your image will forever be  
Enshrined within my heart.And one bright star in grief's dark night,  
While wandering far from thee,  
Will be the thought where'er I roam  
That you'll remember me.And when, life's weary journey done,  
I meet on the deathless shore,  
I'll clasp your hand in that better land,  
To say good bye no more.

## Our Story Teller.

FROM  
THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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## CHAPTER X.

Perhaps it was as well for all parties  
that Frank Armitage concluded that he  
must have another whiff of tobacco that  
night as an incident in the "thing" he  
had promised himself. He had strolled  
through the park to the grove of trees  
on the point and seated himself in the  
shadows. Here his reflections were  
speedily interrupted by the animated  
flirtations of a few couples, who, tiring  
of the dance, came out into the coolness  
of the night and the seclusion of the  
grove, where their murmured words  
and soft laughter soon gave the captain's  
nerves a strain they could not bear. He  
broke over and betook himself to the  
very edge of the stone retaining wall out  
on the point.He wanted to think calmly and dis-  
passionately. He meant to weigh all he  
had read and heard and form his esti-  
mate of the gravity of the case before  
going to bed. He meant to be impartial,  
to judge her as he would judge any other  
woman so compromised, but for the  
life of him he could not. He bore with  
him the mute agony of her lovely face,  
with its clear, truthful, trustful dark  
eyes. He saw her as she stood before  
him on the little porch when she shook  
hands on their laughing—or his laugh-  
ing—compact, for she would not laugh.  
How perfect she was! Her radiant  
beauty, her uplifted eyes, so full of  
their self reproach, and the gleam in  
the speech she had made at his expense!  
How exquisite was the grace of her  
slender, rounded form as she stood  
there before him, one slim hand half  
shyly extended to meet the cordial clasp  
of his own! He wanted to judge and  
be just, but that image dismayed him.  
How could he look at this picture and  
then on that, the image portrayed in the  
chain of circumstantial evidence which  
the colonel had laid before him? It was  
monstrous! It was treason to woman-  
hood! One look in her eyes, superb in  
their innocence, was too much for his  
determined impartiality. Armitage gave  
himself a mental kick for what he termed  
his imbecility and went back to the hotel."It's no use," he muttered. "I'm a  
slave of the weed and can't be philoso-  
pher without my pipe."Up to his little box of a room he  
climbed, found his pipe and tobacco  
pouch, and in five minutes was strolling  
out to the point once more, when he  
came suddenly upon the night watch-  
man, a personage of whose functions  
and authority he was entirely ignorant.  
The man eyed him narrowly and es-  
sayed to speak. "I know nothing him,  
and desiring to be alone, Armitage  
passed and was surprised to find that a  
hand was on his shoulder and the man  
at his side before he had gone a rod.  
"Beg pardon, sir," said the watch-  
man gruffly, "but I don't know you.  
Are you stopping at the hotel?"  
"I am," said Armitage coolly, tak-  
ing his pipe from his hip and blowing a  
cloud of vapor over his other shoulder. "And  
who may you be?"  
"I am the watchman, and I do not  
remember seeing you come today."

"Nevertheless, I did."

"On what train, sir?"

"This afternoon's up train."

"You certainly were not on the omni-  
bus when it got here.""Very true. I walked over from be-  
yond the schoolhouse.""You must excuse me, sir. I did not  
think of that, and the manager requires  
me to know everybody. Is this Major  
Armitage?""Armitage is my name, but I'm not  
a major.""Yes, sir, I'm glad to be set right.  
And the other gentleman—him as was  
inquiring for Colonel Maynard tonight?  
He's in the army, too, but his name  
doesn't seem to be on the book. He only  
came in on the late train.""Another man to see Colonel May-  
nard?" asked the captain, with sudden  
interest. "Just come in, you say? I'm  
sure I've no idea. What was he like?"  
"I don't know, sir. At first I thought  
you was him. The driver told me he  
brought a gentleman over who asked  
some questions about Colonel Maynard,  
but he didn't get aboard at the depot,  
and he didn't come down to the hotel—  
got off somewhere up there on the

bench, and Jim didn't see him."

"Where's Jim?" said Armitage.

"Come with me, watchman. I want  
to interview him."Together they walked over to the  
barn, which the driver was just locking  
up after making everything secure for  
the night."Who was it inquiring for Colonel  
Maynard?" asked Armitage."I don't know, sir," was the slow  
answer. "There was a man got aboard  
as I was coming across the common  
there in the village at the station. There  
were several passengers from the train  
and some baggage, so he may have  
started ahead on foot, but afterward  
concluded to ride. As soon as I saw  
him get in I reined up and asked where  
he was going. He had no baggage nor  
nuthin, and my orders are not to haul  
anybody except people of the hotel, so  
he came right forward through the bus  
and took the seat behind me and said  
travels all right, he was going to the  
hotel, and he passed up a half dollar. I  
told him that I couldn't take the money  
—that bus fares were paid at the hotel  
—and drove ahead. Then he handed me  
a cigar, and pretty soon he asked me  
if there were many people, and who had  
the cottages, and when I told him  
which was Colonel Maynard's, but he  
didn't say he knew him, and the next  
thing I knew was when we got  
here to the hotel he wasn't in the bus.  
He must have stepped back through all  
those passengers and slipped off up there  
on the bench. He was in it when we  
passed the little brown church up on the  
hill."

"What was he like?"

"I couldn't see him plain. He stepped  
out from behind a tree as we drove  
through the common and came right  
into the bus. It was dark in there, and  
all I know is he was tall and had on  
dark clothes. Some of the people inside  
must have seen him better, but they are  
all gone to bed, I suppose.""I will go over to the hotel and in-  
quire anyway," said Armitage, and did so.  
The lights were turned down, and  
no one was there, but he could hear  
voices chatting in quiet tones on the  
broad sheltered veranda without, and  
gathered that four or five men were  
enjoying a quiet smoke. Armitage was  
a man of action. He stepped at once to  
the group:"Pardon me, gentlemen, but did any  
of you come over on the omnibus from  
the station tonight?""I did," replied one of the party,  
removing his cigar and twitching of  
the ashes with his little finger, then  
looking up at the air of a man ex-  
pecting of question."The watchman tells me a man came  
over who was making inquiries for  
Colonel Maynard. May I ask if you saw  
or heard of such a person?""A gentleman got in soon after we  
left the station, and when the driver  
hauled him he went forward and took a  
seat near him. They had some conver-  
sation, but I did not hear it. I only  
know that he got out again a little  
while before we reached the hotel."

"Could you describe him and describe him?"

"I am a friend of Colonel Maynard's, an  
officer of his regiment, which will ac-  
count for my inquiry.""Well, yes, sir. I noticed he was very  
tall and slim, was dressed in dark  
clothes and wore a dark slouch hat  
well down over his forehead. He was  
wearing a military looking man, for he  
wore a high top hat, blue or brown  
glass, I should say, and had a  
broad brow.""Which way did he go when he left  
the bus?""He walked northward along the  
road at the edge of the bluff, right up  
toward the cottages on the upper level,"  
was the answer.Armitage thanked him for his cour-  
tesy, explained that he had left the col-  
onel only a short time before and that  
he was then expecting no visitor, and if  
such had come it was perhaps necessary  
that he should be hunted up and brought  
to the hotel; then he left the porch and  
walked hurriedly through the park to-  
ward its northernmost limit. There to  
his left stood the broad roadway along  
which, nestling under shelter of the  
bluff, was ranged the line of cottages,  
some two stories high with balconies and  
verandas, others low, single storied af-  
fairs, with a broad hallway in the mid-  
dle of each and rooms on both north  
and south sides. Farthest north on the  
road, almost hidden in the trees and  
near the ravine, stood Aunt Grace's cot-  
tage, where were domiciled the col-  
onel and his wife. It was the big, best  
cottage, north room that he and the col-  
onel had had their long conference  
earlier in the evening. The south room,  
nearly opposite, was used as their par-  
lor and sitting room. Aunt Grace and  
Miss Renwick slept in the little front  
cottage, north and south of the hall-  
way, and the lights in their rooms were  
extinguished; so, too, was that in the  
parlor. All was darkness on the south  
and east. All was silence and peace as  
Armitage approached, but just as he  
reached the shadow of the stunted oak  
tree growing in front of the house his  
eyes were startled by an agonized cry,  
a woman's half stifled shriek. He  
bounced up the steps, seized the knob  
of the door and threw his weight  
against it. It was firmly bolted within.  
Loud he thundered on the panels.  
"This is Armitage!" he called. He  
heard the quick patter of feet, and he  
rushed in, and he rushed in, almost  
stumbling against a trembling, terror  
stricken, yet welcoming white robed  
form—Alice Renwick, barefooted, with  
her glorious wealth of hair tumbling  
in dark luxuriance all down over the  
dainty nightdress—Alice Renwick, with  
pallid face and wild, imploring eyes.  
"What is wrong?" he asked in haste.  
"It's mother—her room—she's  
locked and she won't answer," was the  
gasping reply.Armitage sprang to the rear of the  
hall, leaned one second against the op-  
posite wall, sent his foot with mighty  
impulse and hurled the door against the  
opposing lock, and the door flew open  
with a crash. The next instant Alice  
was bending over her senseless mother,  
and the captain was giving a hand in  
much bewilderment to the panting col-  
onel, who was striving to clamber in by  
pallid face and wild, imploring eyes.  
Grace and Alice were speedily suffi-  
cient to restore Mrs. Maynard. A teaspoonful  
of brandy administered by the colonel's  
trembling hand helped matters material-  
ly. Then he turned to Armitage.

"Come outside," he said.

Once again in the moonlight the two  
men faced each other.

"Armitage, can you get a horse?"

"Certainly. What then?"

"Go to the station, get men, if possi-  
ble, and head this fellow off. He was  
here again tonight, and it was not Alicehe called, but my—but Mrs. Maynard.  
I saw him. I grappled with him right  
here at the bay window where she met  
him, and he hurled me to grass as  
though I'd been a child. I want a horse!  
I want that man tonight. How did he  
get away from Sibley?""Do you mean—do you think it was  
Jerrold?""Good God, yes! Who else could it  
be? Disguised, of course, and bearded,  
but the figure, the carriage, were just  
the same, and he came to this window  
—to her window—and called, and she  
answered. My God, Armitage, think of  
it!""Come with me, colonel. You are all  
unstrung," was the captain's answer as  
he led his broken friend away. At the  
front door he stopped one moment, then  
ran up the steps and into the hall, where  
he tapped lightly at the casement."What is it?" was the low response  
from an invisible source.

"Miss Alice?"

"Yes."

"The watchman is here now. I will  
send him around to the window to keep  
guard until our return. The colonel is  
a little upset by the shock, and I want  
to attend to him. We are going to the  
hotel a moment before I bring him home.  
You are not afraid to leave him alone  
now?"

"Not now, captain."

"Is Mrs. Maynard better?"

"Yes. She hardly seems to know  
what has happened. Indeed none of us  
does. What was it?""A tramp, looking for something to  
eat, tried to open the blinds, and the  
colonel went out here and made a jump  
at him. They had a scuffle in the  
shrubbery, and the tramp got away. It  
frightened your mother. That's the sum  
of it, I think."

"No papa hurt?"

"No, a little bruised and shaken and  
mad as a hornet. I think perhaps I'll  
get him quieted down and sleep in a  
few minutes if you and Mrs. Maynard  
will be content to let him stay with me.  
I can talk almost any man drowsy.""Mamma seems to worry for fear he  
is hurt.""Assure her solemnly that he hasn't  
a scratch. He is simply fighting mad,  
and I'm going to try to find the tramp.  
Does Mrs. Maynard remember how he  
looked?""She could not see the face at all. She  
heard some one at the shutters and was  
papa and supposed, of course, it was  
papa and threw open the blind.""Oh, I see! That's all, Miss Alice.  
I'll go back to the colonel. Good  
night!" And Armitage went forth with  
a lighter step."One sensation knocked endwise, col-  
onel. I have it on the best of authority  
that Mrs. Maynard so fearfully went  
to the window in answer to the voice  
and noise at the shutters simply because  
she knew you were out there some-  
where, and she supposed it was you.  
How simple these mysteries become  
when a little daylight is let in on them,  
after all. Come, I'm going to take you  
over to my room for a stiff glass of  
grog, and then after my tramping  
while you go back to bed.""Armitage, you seem to make very  
light of this night's doings. What is  
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frightened your mother. That's the sum  
of it, I think."

"No papa hurt?"

"No, a little bruised and shaken and  
mad as a hornet. I think perhaps I'll  
get him quieted down and sleep in a  
few minutes if you and Mrs. Maynard  
will be content to let him stay with me.  
I can talk almost any man drowsy.""Mamma seems to worry for fear he  
is hurt.""Assure her solemnly that he hasn't  
a scratch. He is simply fighting mad,  
and I'm going to try to find the tramp.  
Does Mrs. Maynard remember how he  
looked?""She could not see the face at all. She  
heard some one at the shutters and was  
papa and supposed, of course, it was  
papa and threw open the blind.""Oh, I see! That's all, Miss Alice.  
I'll go back to the colonel. Good  
night!" And Armitage went forth with  
a lighter step."One sensation knocked endwise, col-  
onel. I have it on the best of authority  
that Mrs. Maynard so fearfully went  
to the window in answer to the voice  
and noise at the shutters simply because  
she knew you were out there some-  
where, and she supposed it was you.  
How simple these mysteries become  
when a little daylight is let in on them,  
after all. Come, I'm going to take you  
over to my room for a stiff glass of  
grog, and then after my tramping  
while you go back to bed.""Armitage, you seem to make very  
light of this night's doings. What is  
it?""A man, looking for something to  
eat, tried to open the blinds, and the  
colonel went out here and made a jump  
at him. They had a scuffle in the  
shrubbery, and the tramp got away. It  
frightened your mother. That's the sum  
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I'll go back to the colonel. Good  
night!" And Armitage went forth with  
a lighter step.story that he had been out pursuing a  
tramp during the night was pretty thor-  
oughly circulated by this time, he felt  
assured, and every one would connect  
his early ride to the station, in some  
way, with the adventure that the  
grooms, hostlers, cooks and kitchen  
maids had all been dilating upon ever  
since daybreak. He dreaded to meet the  
curious glances of the women and the  
questions of the few men whom he had  
taken so far into his confidence as to  
ask about the mysterious person who  
came over the stage with them.He reined up his horse, and then,  
seeing a little pathway leading into the  
thicket wood to his right, he turned in  
th



## Horse Department.

Is so, by also, owned at Woodstock, N. H., won the 2,500 race at Woodstock in straight heats, the time being 2:38, 2:39, 2:37. More of this horse's colts will be heard from before snow flies.

Mr. John Lyons, Philadelphia, the noted horse buyer, proposes to offer a liberal special premium for stallion for use in breeding road and coach horses, to be competed for at the Maine State Fair, Aug. 30, 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3. Size, style, action, road qualities and power to transmit same to be determined.

Rockefeller, 2,297, sold at the Davis sale in Boston, lately, for \$88.00. Not a profitable price to former owners by any means. While a fine horse to look at and the sire of some choice ones, he was not of size or body or limb adapted to Maine conditions. Public demand is swinging away to blockier form, and stouter limbs.

"Capacity for extreme performance in the get of any stallion is the supreme test of merit," says an authority. True, if speed is the sole criterion. We should say that a better and truer standard would be, "Capacity for insuring uniform high quality, in the get of any stallion, is the supreme test." In the one case merit rests on track performance, while the other tells of general utility.

The spirit of the Hub hits straight and hard in the following. It is a sound position. "We learn from a Maine exchange that a new style of starting will be used at the Saco Fair this fall. They will have flags and each driver's color will be represented by a flag. The drivers will be made familiar with the signals, such as to take back, to come along, to change pace and so forth. When the starter wishes to have a certain horse take back or come ahead he will take a flag with his color and signal to him. This will be positive notification for the driver and does away with that senseless yelling by the starter, the drivers hearing it or not as they see fit, most always preferring not to. Now, won't they have a monkey and parrot time down there though. Those drivers which round up at Saco are all color blind and that flag waving will have about as much effect on them as castor oil on a graven image. There was once a starter and he had a new style. It was called Harry Lowe's Starting System. They tried it once at Concord and then sent for Drew and he made him start and no noise. The Saco Fair folks had better have Drew at the in-house; balloons and the infernal quakers will amuse the people without having the starting judge do a Swiss bell ringing act, with flags like Joseph's coat."

A peculiar-shaped piece of iron nailed to the foot of a horse is not a shoe any more than a piece of sole leather tied to the foot of a man. Both may protect the feet, but neither may add to comfort or promote activity. A man may wear anything into which he can force his foot, but to do his best work there must be comfort. The shoe must fit the foot, whether of man or beast, and for this to be possible the man who holds the hammer must be able to think as well as drive nails. Budd Doble describes the shoes worn by Maud S. and Nancy Hanks and the theory regarding calks worn by one, saying the theory was that as a horse lands first on his heels, the calks stopped sliding.

The theory is correct, but I now know that the calks also shorten the stride, and by so doing frequently strains the muscles of the back. I also send you a near hind shoe worn by Nancy Hanks in her race. It weighs three ounces, and probably weighed 3½ ounces when put on. Wear has slightly reduced its weight. You will observe that it is concave at the toe. After much thought I adopted this form, because the concave arch takes hold of the soil and prevents slipping. It reduces friction, and at the same time retains all the speed due to a strong and firm stride. The concave arch is made by work at the forge, by hammering the toe in. I first tried filing, but found that this weakened the shoe in a vital place. By hammering I get the strength. If I had put on Nancy Hanks the kind of shoe that Goldsmith Maid wore I simply would have anchored her, and she would not have trotted to a record of 2:04. There is a difference of 10 seconds between the records of Nancy Hanks and Goldsmith Maid. If the Maid had been shod as well as Nancy, and had had the advantage of light, well-fitting boots, good tracks and the bicycle sulky, the two mares would not stand much apart. In point of speed and racing qualities Goldsmith Maid was the equal of the best in the present day.

I have progressed not only in the construction but the adjustment of the shoe. To cut the foot to the proper angle and then to fit the shoe to the angle so as to make the balance perfect call for much study and rare mechanical skill.

**SUGGESTIONS ON HORSE-BREEDING.** The farmer may breed a high class roadster, a coach horse, or a draft horse, and if the mating of the sire and dam is done intelligently, and proper care is given the foal, he will be assured of success. But quality cannot be neglected. The sire and dam must represent what is wanted in the foal. Should the sire and dam not possess breeding, but are the result of accident, you are not assured that they will reproduce themselves. The cheapness of the services of a crossroads stallion should not recommend him. Look first for continued breeding in the line you desire, then individuality, and the reasonableness of the price may be considered afterward. But you should remember that the services of a well-bred animal with good individuality are worth more and cannot be offered for the price of the scrub. The produce of the one promises a profit on your investment, while the other will prove deceptive and in all probability bring you in debt.

Horses demanded by the present and future markets cannot be grown in herds on the Western ranches like cattle, but must be bred by the individual breeder.

Things Women Want to Know. Small waists are again an element of fashion. A sawmill in Missouri is successfully run by women.

The summer lingerie exemplifies the extravagant tendencies of the day. A four leaf clover in a crystal jacket has been added to the list of lucky charms.

"Free grass" will not make the massive draft animal, the high stepping coacher, or the stylish, shapely driver. The farmer who uses the farm for his farm work produces a foal at a nominal cost. His only expenditure in actual cash is for service fees. A reasonable amount of work for the dam is advantageous to the foal rather than otherwise. Give the foal rapid development and remember that a decline in condition, a check in growth, means a shrinkage in profits. In this way the horse stock of this country may be improved; otherwise it will deteriorate. By breeding better animals and by continued improvement the healthy demand of foreign countries will continue; otherwise it will abate. They cannot find what their market demands in this country they will go elsewhere or produce them in their own country. We cannot force them to take what we have regardless of quality or characteristic. They are masters of the situation in that respect, and we can only continue their patronage by producing what they want.

He who is abreast of the standard of excellence fixed by the markets in his day will reap the profits, while he who follows in the rear of the procession will gather to himself only delusion and disaster.—Bulletin of Missouri Board of Agriculture.

## BREAKING THE COLT.

We believe that seven out of ten colts bred on farms are broken to harness during the winter, as that time affords more leisure and the sleigh is perhaps the best to hitch to for the first few times. Some colts require very little training to accustom them to going in harness, but in order to handle a high-spirited, wild colt successfully the driver must possess four qualifications in a high degree: kindness, patience, firmness and perseverance. He must remember that the colt is a dumb brute, without the faculty of reasoning, but is governed by instinct. No colt, however gentle, should be hitched to anything until there has been some preliminary training. Halting, bridling, checking, harnessing and handling should all have been done a number of times before he is attempted to be hitched to a vehicle. It is well to teach the colt to drive beside some old trustworthy horse before being hitched up. One man should not attempt this work alone, as unforeseen troubles are likely to arise during the first few lessons. The right side is the proper one on which to hitch the colt. A level-headed assistant can usually prevent any tangling up or wild leaping by the use of a "side line," which is simply a pole line fastened to the inside ring of the bit, then passed under the jaw and through the ring of the right side. It is not necessary to even tighten the line except the colt attempt to go beyond his place or become unmanageable without it. It is needless to say that strong and comfortably fitting harness in every portion is important.

Before hitching the wagon or sled should be run out where there is plenty of room, so that there need be no turning at first. There is no better place than a sod field for the first few lessons to the sleigh. The team should be coupled by the lines and driven about with the neckyoke on for a little time before the traces are attached. Always hitch the colt of horse first, and when all is ready for a start attach the colt's traces and be off without further waiting. Have a good, strong, calm-headed man in the sleigh to handle the lines, but the best horseman should lead the colt at first. Keep perfectly cool whatever happens, and never under any circumstances lose your temper, but ever remember that the colt cannot be expected to understand what is demanded of him until he is taught. Many people expect more from a colt than they would look for in a human foreigner who has to learn new ways. Nearly every spirited colt does something alarming before he is thoroughly broken. A colt that goes off like an old horse is not likely to ever make a record breaker. Ambition and courage are both commendable qualities and often show themselves in the colt by his attempts to run, rear, lunge, and even kick at first. Cool-headed firmness, with kindness and patience, will make him a tractable, willing servant of which his owner will be proud. After having gotten the colt to go along in a horse manner, the lessons in labor should be given gradually. If driving on the road is to be his occupation, he should never at first be driven until much fatigued, and it is also better to go round a block, coming home some other way than that upon which he is to be driven. If the colt is to be a farm work horse, such light loads as hauling manure, wood and the like, will readily prepare him for his bread earning.

**THE CAVALRY HORSE.** There are over 16,000,000 horses in the United States, and yet, according to Capt. J. B. Alesha, Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A., the government finds it difficult to procure the 700 to 1,000 animals needed every year for the cavalry service, writes a correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal. This seems singular, but it is true.

It has been the custom of the government every year to buy cavalry horses by contract, but this method has been unsatisfactory and accompanied by many perplexing difficulties. It is not unlikely that the purchases will hereafter be made in the open market by agents of the government. A great deal of money has been lost by contractors and their bondsmen, on account of the rigid requirements and the failure of the bidders to comply with them. The government would advertise for so many hundreds of horses, to be furnished in lots of different numbers, and award the contracts to the lowest bidder. The contractors would be compelled to give bonds for the faithful performance of their obligations, and when the horses were examined they would be compelled to pay the difference in cost between the animals rejected and those bought in their stead in the open market by the government agents.

An idea of the rocky road travelled by some of these contractors, as well as an illustration of the rigid requirements upon the part of the cavalry service, may be gathered from the fact that in one consignment from a contractor in a certain State only five out of a total of eighty-nine head delivered were accepted by the government veterinary.

The model cavalry horse is, in color, either bay, sorrel, black or gray, sound, well bred and of superior class, gentle with free and prompt action at the walk, trot and gallop, without blemish or defect, of a kind disposition and with easy mouth and gait. He must be a "gelding" (mares not taken under any circumstances), of uniform and hardy color, in sound condition, from fifteen and one-fourth to sixteen hands high; weight not less than 950 nor more than 1150 pounds, from four to eight years old, head and ears small, forehead broad, eyes large and prominent, vision perfect in every respect, shoulders long and sloping well back, chest full, broad and deep, forelegs straight and standing well under, "barrel" large and increasing from girth toward flank, withers elevated, back short and straight, loins and haunches broad and muscular, hocks well bent and under the horse, pasterns slanting, and feet small and sound.

A horse five years old will not be purchased unless he is an especially fine animal, well developed. Each horse is subjected to a rigid examination, and any animal that does not meet the requirements in every respect will not be purchased. So it can be seen that a horse which meets the cavalryman's fastidious taste must indeed be a model of equine excellence. Much stress is placed upon the intelligence manifested by the candidate, both in expression and action, and there are certain peculiarities in the "face" and eyes of a horse which, to the expert, denote the fool, and stubborn brute and the devilish animal. He must be of perfect shape and faultless conformation, he is purchased at from \$125 to \$250, comparatively small sums for even desirable "roadsters." This, however, is explained in a measure by the fact that the cavalry horse is useless for breeding purposes and, as a rule, not fast enough as a trotter to make a race horse.

Among the best races of the season are those over Pittsfield track, and the four days' meeting, last week, was well attended and full of interest. Summaries:

**2:20 STAKE—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$300.**  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Twilight Wilkes, 5 2 2 3  
Kensley, 6 3 3 4  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Pilot Wilkes, 9 6 6 7  
Jacob T. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 10 7 7 8  
Gipsy Boy, 11 8 8 9  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 12 9 9 0  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 14 11 11 2  
Cashier, 15 12 12 3  
Time—2:20, 2:21, 2:22, 2:23, 2:24, 2:25.

**2:30 STAKE—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$150.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**2:40 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$100.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**2:50 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$50.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**3:00 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$25.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**3:10 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$10.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**3:20 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$5.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**3:30 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$2.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**3:40 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$1.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**3:50 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.50.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**4:00 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.25.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**4:10 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.10.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**4:20 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.05.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**4:30 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.02.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**4:40 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.01.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**4:50 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.005.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**5:00 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.002.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**5:10 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.001.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**5:20 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.0005.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**5:30 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.0002.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**5:40 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.0001.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**5:50 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.00005.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**6:00 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.00002.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**6:10 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.00001.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

**6:20 CLASS—TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$0.000005.**  
Gladys M. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 4 1 1 1  
Lucky Roy, 5 2 2 3  
Larrabee, 6 3 3 4  
Robin Bird, 7 4 4 5  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 8 5 5 6  
Vulcan, 9 6 6 7  
Wilkes, 10 7 7 8  
Littie G. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 11 8 8 9  
Don Advocate, 12 9 9 0  
Maid H. Wm. C. H. Shindler, 13 10 10 1  
Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30.

was one of the best, and most exciting ever seen on any track, and the fact that the horse lowered its record to 2:25½ proves the skill of the drivers. A number of horses entered the 2:30 list during the week.

## Poultry Department.

A squatter's shanty near the park bears this sign: "Fresh eggs for sale, laid every day by Mrs. Cooley."

Put in one good load of grain before rain enough to shell, and keep for the hens to thresh during the winter. It will net big returns in eggs next December.

If all this talk about varieties would cease and the same energy be directed towards giving the hens fairly good treatment, the problem of "best" would be solved, and every man would be satisfied.

Make plans this year to out and cure a large quantity of second crop clover. If the profits of the poultry yard are to be secured the cost of keeping must be reduced, and there is no way by which this may be accomplished so easily as through the use of more clover. The lesson so often repeated must be enforced again and again. Cost of keep and output of hens will depend upon quality, variety and quantity of food given. Secure all the clover possible for the hens.

Many of our farmers hesitate to improve their poultry, fearing the cost will be greater than they can afford, which is a great mistake. They begin to calculate on the probable cost of two or three hundred fowls at two or three dollars each and inferior stock. And yet even if it were to cost this amount we do not know but what it would be profitable in time to make the change. The cost need not be a fiftieth or a hundredth part of this sum. We can take a farm with one or two hundred fowls and in two seasons have none but thoroughbreds upon it, and all with a direct outlay of only a few dollars. It will, however, require a little work and care. It will not do to buy a trio or a pair of fowls of some good and desirable breed, and turning them loose in the flock, expect in a year or two by some magical means to find the whole flock like them in form and feather. Plenty of out-buildings are usually found on a farm, in some corner of which a nice little coop may be fitted up with a small run attached to it, at a trifling outlay of time and labor. Here the work of improving the farm fowls will really begin. Some care should be exercised in building this yard, to make it so the mongrels, who usually fly like pigeons, and can crawl through the smallest opening, may not get in with the stock and fight with or otherwise disturb them. Wire netting for roof and sides of such a run is the most effective way of keeping them out. The fowls and such a yard complete the fixings necessary to change the stock on any place.

## WINTER CARE OF DUCKS.

For Clarissa Potter, in answer to her request for winter care of ducks. I presume there would be but little difference in a Maine winter or a New Hampshire winter. I will give my way of keeping my flock of Pekin ducks



